THE
BACCHANALIANS:
OR A
Midnight Modern Converſation.
A POEM, addreſs'd to the Ingenious Mr. *HOGARTH.*

SACRED to thee, permit this Lay
Thy Labour, HOGARTH, to diſplay!
Patron and Theme in one to be!
'Tis great, but not too great for thee;
For thee, the Poet's conſtant Friend,
Whoſe Vein of Humour knows no End.

Perhaps in CHAUCER's ancient Page
We view the HOGARTH of his Age:
Upon the Canvas firſt, like thine,
His deathleſs Characters might ſhine.
So ſhould ſome Bard, with equal Art,
Collect the Hints thy Works impart;
Three hundred Years his Name might raiſe
To thy great Dividend of Praiſe.

Alas, that Picture ſhould decay!
That Words alone can Wit convey!
But Words remain --- Oh, may this Verſe
Remain, thy Honour to rehearſe!
This Verſe which, honeſt to thy Fame,
Has added to thy Praiſe thy Name!

Who can be dull, when to his Eyes
Such various Scenes of Humour riſe?
We wonder, while we laugh, to ſee
Ev'n BUTLER's Wit improv'd by thee!
Thy HARLOT pleas'd, and warn'd us too;
What will not gay Inſtruction do?
Now we behold in what unite
The Prieſt, the Beau, the Cit, the Bite;
Where Law and Phyſick join the Sword,
And Juſtice deigns to crown the Board:
How MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATIONS
Mingle all Faculties and Stations.

Full to the Sight, and next the Bowl,
Sits the Phyſician of the Soul;
No loftier Themes his Thought purſues
Than Punch, good Company, and Dues:
Eaſy, and careleſs what may fall,
He hears, conſents, and fills to all:
Proving it plainly by his Face,
That Caſſocks are no Signs of Grace.

Near him a Son of Belial ſee;
(That Heav'n and Satan ſhould agree!)
Warm'd, and wound up to proper Height,
He vows to ſtill maintain the Fight;
The brave ſurviving Prieſt aſſails,
And fairly damns the firſt that fails;
Fills up a Bumper to the Beſt ——
The Parſon ſimpers at the Jeſt,
And puts it forward to the reſt.

What Hand but thine ſo well could draw
A formal Barriſter at Law?
FITZ-HERBERT, LITTLETON, and COKE,
Are all united in his Look.
His ſpacious Wig conceals his Ears,
Yet the dull plodding Beaſt appears:
His Muſcles ſeem exact to fit
Much Noiſe, much Pride, and not much wit.

The Man of Honour, and the Knave,
For different Purpoſes look grave:
Who then is he, with ſolemn Phiz,
Upon his Elbows pois'd at Eaſe?
(So ſits Aſtrea with her Scales,
So in her Hand no Side prevails.)
Freely to ſpeak the Muſe is loth ——
Juſtice or Knave —— he may be both ——
Juſtice or Knave —— 'tis much the ſame;
To boaſt of Crimes, or tell the Shame,
Of Raking talk, or Reformation,
'Tis all good MODERN CONVERSATION.

What mighty Machiavel art thou,
With Patriot Cares upon thy Brow?
Alas, that Punch ſhould have the Fate
To drown the Pilot of the State!
That while both Sides thy Pocket holds,
(Nor D'ANVERS grieves, nor OSBORNE ſcolds)
Thou ſink'ſt the Buſ'neſs of the Nation
In MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION!

The Tradeſman tells, with watry Eyes,
How Credit ſinks, how Taxes riſe;
At Parliaments and Great Men pets,
Counts all his Loſſes and his Debts:
His Language in his Looks appears:
And he who ſees thy Picture hears.

The puny Fop, Mankind's Diſgrace,
The Ladies' Jeſt and Dreſſing-glaſs;
Who meets us with a motley Scene
Of Snuff-box, Powder-bag, and Cane;
This He She-thing the Mode purſues,
And drinks in Order —— 'till he ſp--s.

See where the Relict of the Wars,
Deep mark'd with honourary Scars,
A mightier Foe has caus'd to yeild
Than ever MARLBRO' met in Field!
See, proſtrate on the Earth he lies;
And learn, ye Soldiers, to be wiſe.

Fluſh'd with the Fumes of gen'rous Wine
The Doctor's Face begins to ſhine:
With Eyes half cloſ'd, in ſtamm'ring Strain,
He ſpeaks the Praiſe of rich Champaign;
Mean while his Hand, by Fortune led,
Applies it to the Captain's Head.

HOGARTH a Character can find
For Expletives among Mankind:
He knows great Nature's ſecret Laws,
And ſhews us how the ſelf ſame Cauſe
Makes RANTER roar, and TRADE-ILL weep,
And lulls poor INDOLENCE to ſleep.

'Tis dull in Verſe, what from thy Hand
Might ev'n a *Cato*'s Smile command.
Th' expiring Snuffs, the Bottles broke,
And the full Bowl at four o' Clock,
The num'rous Reck'ning on the Shelf,
Who can deſcribe 'em but thyſelf?

In vain we ranſack ROME and GREECE,
To match this Converſation-Piece;
In vain our Folly would advance
The Name of *Italy* and *France*.
Coypel deſign, *Gerard* can 'grave;
In thee we both united have!
In thee —— but Parallels are vain!
A great Original remain.
Go on to laſh the reigning Crimes,
And live the Cenſor of the Times.

Wm Hogarth Pinxt